Numb. 79.

The Female Tatler.

Written by a Society of Ladies.

Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat ?

From Wednesday January 4, to Friday January 6, 1710.

Emilia's Day.

THERE are certainly as many unaccountable Humours amongst the Race of Mankind, as there are different Complexions and Features, some so superciliously Grave no Jest can force a Smile; others so light and thoughtless, that the most Tragical Story cannot draw a Tear: Between these there is a medly Composition, Creatures that Laugh and Cry by turns, that pull Pity on and off like a Glove, and find subject of Mirth from the wave of a Fan. Of this sort is *Camilla*, whom I accidentally met at my Lodgings Yesterday: She no sooner enter'd the Room, but she burst out into a violent Fit of Laughter, my Dear, (said she) I'll tell you News, then laugh'd again.—— The Fine Lady that Lodges over against me.——Oh! I shall dye with the Relation: You know I told you went for a great Fortune, and *Bean Scent-well* of *Lincolns Inn* was her Conquest. I shall certainly Swoon if you don't ease my Lace a little Mrs *Dreswell*; bless me! I wonder what makes me so Merry, I'm sure I've a dreadful Story in a Letter from my *Cozen Betty* in *Norfolk*, of the sudden Death of a new Married Couple, the best bred People in the whole County, Lord it has given me the Spleen to the last degree. The Gentleman, it seems, went into *Leicestershire* to receive his Lady's Fortune, where he staid about Ten Days.——Sure I'm the most Tender-hearted Fool Breathing: He Writ her Word, he wou'd be at Home such a Night; she in expectation of her Charming Spouse, dress'd herself to the best Advantage, and paid a Thousand Visits to the Gate of her Court-Yard, having been a Voluntary Prisoner to her Chamber from the Moment the Dear Man left her. Bless me! how my Head akes, I am not capable of relating the rest, nor will my Tears give me leave to do it. Then down she Sat, pull'd out her Handkerchief, and wept and sobb'd like a cunning Widow at the Grave of her Husband, whom she had wish'd there Seven Years before. My Lady knew her Temper, and said every thing upon that Occasion which a real Grief might have expected; but I, who thought it the most Ridiculous Whimsy I ever saw, to hear a Woman begin two Stories of such different Natures, touch'd with the Humour of both, yet make an end of neither, cou'd not forbear saying, it wou'd be very happy for some of our Eminent *Playrs*, cou'd they attain to such Command of their Passions; but for Heav'ns sake, added I, dear Madam don't let us lose the conclusion of two Tales so admirably well begun.—— If you find your self too Tender to finish the last, give us leave to read the Letter, and if there be any Secrets in it, fold down that part, and pursue the Thread of your former. With all my Heart Mrs. *Distaff*, said she, for these Melancholy Relations always give me the Vapours most intollerably; with that she gave me the Letter, but just as I had open'd it, she burst out into a second Fit of Laughter, crying, hold good Dear Mrs. *Distaff*, I must beg your Pardon for one Moment, till I inform my Lady how *Squire Foxhound* treats his Wife; I protest I'm not sorry for her neither, when I reflect how ill she used all her Adorers in this Town, prefering a Clownish Country Booby to Men of Sense and Figure.—— Well, but go on Mrs. *Distaff*, said she, nay Dear *Madam*, finish this one I beseech you, said I, or we shall have so many Ends, 'twill quite spoil the whole. Phough, says she, I hate your formal way of beginning and ending with a Breath, but for once I'll try.—— The *Squire* pursu'd, She Lords it most Tyrannically, his House is a kind of Seraglio, where for want of *Eunuchs*, he discharges the Office himself: They say he had some thoughts of Entertaining *Signior Gri——dy*, but the Master of the *Opera* out bid him, and secur'd the Thing for the Stage.—— *Ha, ha*, well thought on, now we talk of the *Opera*, don't your Ladyship design to be there to Night; well! there is something so ravishing in the Sound.—— Here I could hold no longer for my Soul, but smiling, ask'd her, what Charms she found in the Sense, then re-assuming her *Te-hee*, Sense! O my Stars! who Cares a Patch for the Sense! So much for the *Opera*, said I, now for the Story, How does the *Squire* treat his Wife? Here she paus'd a little, as if she had forgot where she left off; Ho! the *Squire*, yes, said she, true *Sultan* like, he Revels without Controul; he has every Day a fresh Doxy, who sits in his Coach at the Door till the Wife be decently lock'd up, who is become so tractable, that as soon as she hears the Coach stop, she presents herself upon the head of the Staircase with the Key in her Hand, which the Courageous Prudent Husband soon turns upon her; then Marches his *Cleopatra* into his Bed-Chamber, where he often keeps them Two or Three Days; during which time the Conjucal Prisoner has her Penitential allowance turn'd in thro' a Window. Here my Lady *Modish* expresses some Concern for the Misfortune of her Friends, then commanded me to make an end of the Letter, which I readily obey'd, and read as follows.

'The Charming Pair, dear Cozen, you so admir'd 'when you was here, are Dead; the Gentleman dy'd 'in *Leicestershire*, whither he went to receive his La-'dies Fortune. She neither Dress't, receiv'd Visits, nor 'left her Chamber from the Hour they parted, till the 'Day appointed for his Return, but distinguish'd that 'by all the Marks of a sincere Joy: She Dress't that Day 'in all her Wedding Cloaths, invited all her Neigh-

'bours

'bours to Dinner, gave a Barrel of Ale among her 'Servants and Workmen, and took a Thousand turns 'to the Door to watch his Arrival.—— But oh! 'tis 'shocking even to relate, in the midst of all her hopes, 'his Body was brought to the Door in a Hearse, with 'all her Relations Mourning Round, at the sight of 'which she gave a great Shreik, and drop'd down 'Dead: They let her Blood, but all in Vain, she 'never breath'd more: So they bury'd them both in 'one Coffin, not thinking fit to seperate those Bo-'dies, whose Souls the God of Love had joyn'd.

Here's an Example of true Love, said I, giving her the Letter: This Story is very moving, and really has a Melancholy Effect upon me, said my Lady, therefore Dear *Camilla*, give us the remainder of your first. To raise our Spirits again.—— I vow that Story is diverting enough, reply'd *Camilla*, tho' had it ended in Matrimony it would have pleased me better, for I would have all Fortune-hunters perish'd in their own way: You must know his Elegant Speeches, fine Shape and gentle Mein, snapt the Heart of the Lady, as he thought, so the happy Day was set, and the Joyful Bridegroom all in New, repairing to his adorable Bride: But passing thro' *Temple Bar*, met a Friend of his, whom he beckon'd and took up into the Coach, telling him his good Fortune, and desiring the Favour to receive his Wife from his Hands. Away they drove to her Lodgings, but as soon as they enter'd the Chamber, the Lover was surprised to see his Friend Salute his intended Bride something too familiarly, and hear him say, what is it you *Molly* that has catch'd this Gentleman? This must not be.—— Whereupon the Ladies flew into a violent Rage, and discharg'd a Volley of Names interlarded with Curses for her Disappointment; but the Gentleman only laugh'd, and carried off the Lawyer, who was so confounded, that he had not one Word to say for himself.

†‡† *The Reader is desired to take Notice, (to use the famous* Bickerstaff's *Words) that when he supposes we are dull, we have some* hidden Design, *tho' that Great Man has this Happiness, That when he really is so, he has Admirers enough that will not believe it.*

†‡† Emilia *taking into Consideration the great Rise of Bread and Wine, at the same time, desires all good Husbands to do so too, and those that did not come Home till Eleven, not to be out after Nine.*

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Yesterday was publish'd.

†‡† The History of the Campaign in Flanders, for the Year 1709. Containing an exact Account of all the most material Transactions, intermix'd with several Original Letters, and some other private Occurrences, taken from a Journal made on the spot; faithfully Collected by an Officer in the English Forces To which is added, the Mapps of Tournay and Mons, from the most Correct Plans. Sold by A. Baldwin in Warwick-Lane. Price 1 s.

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†‡† A Perswasive to Moderation and Forbearance in Love, among the Divided Forms of Christians. By that late most Pious and Eminent Divine Mr Jer White, late Fellow of Trinity Colledge in Cambridge. The 2d Edition To which is added, his Particulars for our Converse with Men, &c. Sold by N. Cliff at the Golden Candlestick in the Poultry, and A. Collins at the Black Boy in Fleet-street. Pr. 2 s.

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THe most excellent Tablets of a delightful Flavour and Taste, one of which at a time being only chewed or held in the Mouth, rowling it about with the Tongue, wonderfully (without the least offence or hindrance of Business) purges the Head and Brain, curing all the Diseases thereof, by evacuating the Rheum or Humours by moderate spitting that cause them, when all inward Medicines, Blisters, Issues, Seatons, &c. are ineffectual; in Rheumatisms, Gouts, King's Evil, Leprosies, Red or Pimply Faces, Itches, Scabs, &c. one of them used as aforesaid, an hour or two will discharge near a Pint of Rheum, which continued, may save the Trouble and serve for the same end as a Salivation in many Cases, and by spitting out any time the Tablet (which never strikes to the Mouth or Teeth) the Flux immediately ceases, being very harmless, and as small (only flattish) as Pees, leaves the Mouth moist, cool and refresh'd. Are to be had only at Mr Varen's a Bookseller at Seneca's Head near Somerset-House in the Strand, at 3 s. 6 d. the Box with Directions.

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